A PAGE FOR AND BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Many Boys and Girls Join the Popular T.=D. C. C.

Its Motto: "Nothing Succeeds Like Success."

An Original Poem.

The sliver moon that guards the sky, She lights by night God's throne on high The sea that rolls its white capped wave. And gently bathes the shore it laves.

The rain by God to us is given, And like God's mercy, falls from heaven, It softly waters the grain and flowers, And makes things green in natural bow-

Clever Little Wife.

WEE MACGREGOR

America Who Has Come to Stay.

number of original poems and sent in this week were in excess t Sunday's publication.

Times-Dispatch Contributors' Club The Times-Dispatch Contributors' Club

the assurance that anything withweek will find its way into the Miss Virginia Rose Robertson, of No. 1206 Decatur Street, Manchester, favors the club with an original poem entitled God's Earth.

Answer to "Diamond Puzzle." 1, E. 2, Ate. 8, Strap. 4, Eat. 5, P.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA. 6. Interger.
7. And.
8. Locality.
9. Declare.

The Fox and the Rabbit.

Master Albert L. Jeffreys, of Chase City, a., is the author of a folk-lore story in two chapters. The first chapter is as fol-

'What's you carrying me in this rough ay for?" said brer rabbit.
'Keep still," said brer fox, who jumped, clapped his heels together, and ughed long and loud.
By' this time they had brought brer bbit to a beet tree. They put him in e hollow with the bees, who, disturbed in angry, stung him all over the back id ears and in his eyes.
'Oh! oh! oh!" hollered brer rabbit, while sericing in the serice was a subsequent of the serice was a subsequent and ughed at him.

I brer rabbit. "The bees are about me! Oh! oh!" fox and his companions, after g him in there about five minutes, n loose and ran home just as fast y could. Brer rabbit fell out, got

From Bottom to Top.

appropriate heading given above.

rial reward for his bravery and ace of mind, he was offered a po the banker's office, and, as such

As the boy would not accept any material reward for his bravery and presence of mind, he was offred a position in the banker's office, and, as such boys are bound to rise, is president of a bank in New York city.

The First Watches.

Master Charley S. Moore, of Tampleo, Va., tells ordinary mortals about how the prat watches were made. According to his loka:

At first the watch was about the size A. first place, Va. tells ordinary mortals about how the prat watches were made. According to his loka:

Early watches had only one hand, and seling wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearly the place of size.

Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearly required to the place of size, and the points. The dials were of silery or brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front and was used as year to make it.

The Hnathen Chinec.

Miss Louse Page Weisiger, of Decaturg Street, Manchester, Va., sends a brand row version of the Hesthen Chinec, who lived upon nothing but rice, mice and tea;

A first at mouse once slipped through Sut that poor mouse came out no more. He resolved to give him a spouse, To hop him weat that fifth the proposed and the supportance of the place of the substitution of the place and the suggestion of the Hesthen Chinec, who lived upon nothing but rice, mice and tea;

A first at mouse once slipped through Sut that poor mouse came out no more. He resolved to give him a spouse, To hop him weat that fifth the proposed and the support of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love of the substitution of the place and the love first watches were made. According to his idea:
At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was used as a "pocket clock." The first great improvement, the substitution of springs for weights, was in 1540. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only a straight place of steel.

Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keen the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in the twelve hours. The dials were of sliver or brass, the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front and were four five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1,600 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

follows:
There once was a heathen Chines,
Who lived upon nothing but rice, mice
and tea:
A fine fat mouse once elipped through
his door.
Sut that poor mouse came out no more,



he Child Actress, who has successfully

Little Princess."

Master Harry Steinruck, of No. 218 North Foushee Street, says: "I would like to have one of those T. D. C. C. buttons." In evidence of his wish he sends this

MARGARET MONUMENT IN NEW ORLEANS

week, to know that the first monumen

The bartender looked amazed, his friends they did the same,
That sweet voice in the hall, which stopped the gambling same.
On the beer-stained floor, there sank the gambler down in shame.
With loving arms around his neck she clung to him in vain;
Come back to the old homestead, John, you have thrown your life away;.
There is no one in the cottage now but your mother old and gray;
No matter how you have treated her she has answered every call;
A mother's love is better than them all.

Cause the summer days are here.
I'm not filled with joy to see
Scented flowers all appear.
And the balmy atmosphere
Doesn't make me hop with vim.
What's the use? Me jest said:
"Don't you dare go down to swim."

Merry thoughts don't rise in me,
As the daisies they come out,
I'm not filled with ecstacy
As the bees they buzz about;
I'm not filled up to the spout
With a lot of lazy wishin',
What's the use? Ma jest said:
"Don't you dare to go off fishin'."

I don't dream the livelong day
Underneath a shady tree,
And If winter'd cared to stay
Twould have been the same to me;
Summer don't fill me with slee
And I wish that it would pass.
What's the use? Ma jest said:
"Don't you lie on that damp grass,"

—F. P. Pitzer, in New York Sun,

Papa's Calendar. This is my Bunday head of hair,
All whirly, twirly curls,
A bow of ribbon tied with care,
Like all the other girls.

And this is, how on week-a-days
I start to go to school.
My pigtails plaited evenly.
The parting drawn by rule.

But spite of all that I can do, Upon a Saturday, This is the way my hair will look, When I come in from play,

I am my papa's calendar;
Ho often will declare
That he can tell what day it is
By looking at my hair.
—Abble Farwell Brown, in The Churchman.

A lady red upon the hill,
Her annual secret keeps;
A lady white within the field,
In placid illy sleeps!

The tidy breezes with their brooms, Sweep vale, and hill, and tree! Prithee, my pretty housewives! Who may expected be?

The neighbors do not yet suspect!
The woods exchange a smile.
Orchard, and buttercup, and bird,
In such a little while!

And yet how still the landscape stands, How nonchalant the wood, As if the resurrection As if the resurrection
Were nothing very odd!
-Emily Dickenson.



maid,
With a boo-hoo-hoo and a heigho
I've split my milk, kind sir, she
And the cat said," Me, oh! my, oh!

"How do you like my voice?" asked the Donkey, in a tone that said very plainly: "If you don't like it, you're no judge of sinking."

Now, Buddle being a truthful little girl, hesitated. A professional critic would have said that the voice was of the hit or miss variety; that it was pitched too high (all donkeys make that mistake); that it was harsh, rasping and unsympathetic; and that altogether the performance was "not convincing."

But Buddle was kind-hearted as well as

hoarso. Another rest of you is donkey," cried "And the rest of you is donkey," cried "Huddle, who could see a point as quickly as "There's something to that," said the Donkey, thoughtfuly. "Now, if the horseness' should spread..."

"And you become 'horse' all over..."

"Why then..."

THE RAIL WAY WORLD

METROPOLIS

Human Derelicts Sink Dally! from Sight of Man.

THIRTY OR MORE A WEEK

George F. McCollough the "Morga of the Trolley World "-Candidacy of Devery for Mayoralty Has a

fable in manner, young Mr. Rockefeller will in the near future become one of the great leaders in finance and industry.

There has been serious criticism as regards the appointment of Mr. Henry S. Thompson by Borough President Cantor to fill the vacancy made by Perez Stewart's resignation from the important office of Superintendent of Buildings. I fall to see where the Borough President has made a mistake. To start with Thompson is a recognized man of affairs, also a builder, which mases him competent, and is a young man who has accumulated a fortune by his own energy, and one who no doubt by his sprighteousness and perseverance will be serve the city in a way of which its citizens may well be proud. I hear from severable wellable source that E. J. Berwind, Im wholesale coal dealer, will interest himself to some extent in the national Shew and is an astute financier and a min who knows a thing or twe about politics. He is a large employer of labor, and as such is to be considered, Some time ago he freely expressed himself as against President Rosevelt. It now seems that there are others in Ohle of Berwind's way of thinking.

Frank Tilford has gone into the wates business having purchased the

Frank Tilford has gone into the wates business, having purchased the White Rock Water Company. I understand Tilford paid \$1,50,000. Mr. Tilford's success in the financial world and likewise his facilities for handling just such commodities no doubt will add to his fortune, lion, Jefferson M. Levy, the owner of Monticello is taking an active part in Democrace politics, and claims that it will be Parker and nobody else. Jeff has been a political leader for a great many years and knows what he is talking about.

been a political leader for a great many years and knows what he is talking about.

It is believed that Tammany will win the coming election, if a man of character is nominated by it to head the municipal ticket. Fusion may have its merits, Fusion may have its merits, Fusion may have introduced in the rotten government of this municipality some streaks of virtue. The people do not like a goody-goody government. Even virtue becomes oppressive. Croker's carnival of crime was mere than the most liberal-minded citizen could stand for and our smug-fazed Mayor's enforcement of the Sunday law at the bathing beaches is too much for the virtuous. There is a guil between the Light House District and its faunting vice and the bathing beaches on a summer's day, where to drink beer without nurchasing a meal is to commit a crime. Murphy intends to win. He cannot do it with a man of George B. McClellan's make-up. McClellan has been to recome committing himself on any topic, He will serve Tammany with the fidelity of a pup who fawns to lick the maiser's hand. New York wants a man for Mayor, sort a local server wants a man for wayor.

